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J. P. CRONIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Middleburg, Pa.

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Select Poetry.

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER'S SHOES. Two little, rough worn, stubbed shoes, A plump, well-trodden pair; Lie striped stockings thrust within, Like just beside my chair.

Something More than a Clerk. Laura Carlisle stood where scarcely a half-dozen women in the room would have dared to stand, directly under the blaze of the chandelier, her cheeks crimson with excitement, her eyes bright as the jewels which flashed in her brown hair, her heavy garnet satin robes sweeping against the muslin dress of her cousin, Katy Carlisle, who was as different from her as the tender twilight from the brilliant noonday.

Ob, I do think so much of a good old family! said Laura, who, having heard that Floyd Laurence belonged to one of the "F. F. V.'s," desired to create an impression. "Why, I wouldn't look at a prince if he did not come of a good stock."

"Princes are generally supposed to be so Laura," laughed Katy, a mischievous twinkle coming into her eyes as she met Floyd's glance.

"Oh, of course I meant if they could do otherwise," said Laura, reddening with vexation at her mistake. And then, glad to change the conversation, she turned to Mary West and began to inquire about some beautiful lace she was wearing.

"I got it at Warburton's," said Mary, smiling. "Oh, I must get some to-morrow, if there is a yard left," cried Laura. "I shall be sure to go there right away. Yes, that is our wait; Mr. Laurence," and taking his arm, she moved gracefully away.

ton's store, and the haughty beauty and her cousin Katy entered the wide doors, and crossed over to the lace counter. "Show me your finest Mechlin," began Miss Laura, but stopped in utter amazement, as she recognized in the polite clerk her partner of the night before. "Mr. Laurence!" she exclaimed.

"And Katy, opened her blue eyes very wide, repeated the exclamation. "Mr. Laurence! we didn't expect to see you here!" "Why not?" asked our hero, smilingly.

"We were not aware—we did not know that you—" began Miss Laura haughtily, and Floyd finished her sentence. "That I was Mr. Warburton's clerk? Oh, yes, Miss Carlisle? What style of lace would you prefer?"

"Thank you—I do not care about the lace to-day. Katy, come, we are in haste." She turned and swept her silken robes away, but Katy, her cheeks scarlet, lingered to give one little white hand to Floyd Laurence, and say cordially,

"Mr. Laurence, remember, you promised last night, to call upon me!—that is, we shall expect you." And Floyd, as he ventured lightly to press that tiny little hand, said, fervently,

"Thank you, I shall surely come!" "The idea! The very idea!" cried Laura Carlisle, indignantly, when they were in their carriage. "What does Mrs. Howard mean by introducing such persons to her guests? I'll never forgive her! To think I should have danced with a low clerk!"

"Why, Laura, I am sure he is a perfect gentleman," said Katy. "Gentleman, indeed! A common clerk pretend to be a gentleman, and aspire to good society! Katy Carlisle, you are a little idiot!"

"At least, I like him as much now as I did last night," said Katy, with some spirit. "Very well; indulge your low tastes, if you like," returned Laura scornfully. "I shall certainly not cultivate his acquaintance."

A few evenings later, as Laura stood rebel like a princess, in Judge Glover's elegant saloon, she saw Floyd Laurence making his way toward her.

she had given him clasped between his own. "Yes—I—think so," said Katy flutteringly, the roses coming and going nervously on her fair cheek. "But 'liking' won't satisfy me any longer," said Floyd, with a rare smile. "I want something else—something far warmer, sweeter, stronger! Is it in your dear, little heart to give Katy darling?"

"And Katy, giving him a shy glance as he bent down and took her in his arms, whispered again. "Yes I think so!"

"It seems Katy is about to be married," said old Judge Howard, meeting Laura, a few weeks later. "Yes, little, foolish thing!" returned Laura, coloring with vexation. "I'm sure I said all I could to prevent it."

"To prevent it! What possible objection could you make to Floyd Laurence?" asked her old friend. "Why Judge Howard! I think of her throwing herself away for a common clerk?"

"My dear girl, I don't know what you are talking about," said Judge Howard, with a perplexed look. "You surely know that Mr. Laurence is nothing more than a clerk in Warburton's store?"

"My dear, young lady, I surely know that he is something more than a clerk for any one. He is the only son of the Laurences of Virginia. Haven't you heard of the great Laurence estates?"

"Judge Howard! you must be mistaken!" "I am not, my child. I, myself, hold some twenty thousand dollars of his money in trust. His father was my friend in boyhood. Your Katy is fortunate, Laura, for Floyd Laurence is a match for any one to be proud of."

"Is he really so wealthy?" persisted Laura doubtfully. "He has an income of at least fifteen thousand dollars a year. I speak from certainty my dear girl, not from hearsay."

Poor Laura! She tried to conceal the bitter disappointment rankling in her heart, but it was hard to know that the golden prizes had slipped from her grasp, and only through her own fault!

Three Jolly Husbands.

Three jolly husbands by the name of Tim Watson, Joe Brown, and Bill Walker, sat late one evening drinking at the village tavern, until, being pretty well corered, they agreed that each one on returning home should do the first thing his wife told him, in default of which he should, the next morning, pay the bill. They then separated for the night, engaging to meet the next morning and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far as they related to the bill. The next morning Walker and Brown were early at their posts, but it was sometime before Watson made his appearance.

Walker began first: "You see when I engaged my house the candle was out, and the fire giving but a glimmering of light, I came near walking accidentally into a pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of the next morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor at sitting up so late, said to me sarcastically, 'Bill, do you put your foot in the batter.'"

"Just as you say, Maggie," said I, and without the least hesitation I put my foot in the pot of batter, and went to bed." Next, Joe Brown told his story: "My wife had already retired in our usual sleeping room which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was ajar; not being able to navigate you know perfectly, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and my wife, in no very pleasant tone bawled out, 'Do break the porridge pot.' No sooner said than done, I seized hold of the tail of the pot, and striking it against the chimney jamb, broke it into a hundred pieces. After this exploit I retired to rest, and got a curtain lecture all night for my pains." It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which was as follows: "My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world, for I was blundering up stairs in the dark, when she cried out: 'Do break your neck, do, Tim.' 'I'll be cursed if I do, Kate,' said I, as I picked myself up, 'I will sooner pay the bill, and so, landlord, here's the cash for you, and this is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of my wife.'"

Didn't Pan out Well. A young husband in Baltimore is in a nice pickle. From some cause he concluded his wife did not love him as well as she should, and he determined to test that element. Accordingly he wrote a note, telling her that he was going to drown himself in the canal, and that before she read the contents of that note his spirit would be hovering over her, observing how she took his death. The would-be suicide entrusted the note to a small boy, but the boy mistook the direction and carried the note to a next door neighbor of his wife. Not liking to communicate the dreadful intelligence to the unlucky woman, the lady handed the note to an officer, with instructions, if possible, to prevent the rash act. The officer hurried off, and sure enough, found the man on the bank of the great canal. Rushing up the officer seized the unlucky husband, and marched him off to the station house, notwithstanding his protestations that it was all a joke and that he did not intend to commit suicide, etc. After the incarceration of the husband, the note was handed to the wife, with the information that he had been saved. After upbraiding the officer for not letting the "darned fool drown himself," the wife made a charge of lunacy against him, and he barely escaped being placed in the asylum.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—A correspondent to the Cincinnati Gazette gives the following as a cure for gapes in chickens. The remedy seems so simple that we give it for the benefit of our readers: Put one tablespoonful of wheat into a vial and pour on spirits turpentine to cover the wheat, and keep the vial corked. Whenever you find symptoms of gapes in a chick, open its mouth and compel it to swallow one or two grains of saturated wheat. Repeat the operation morning and evening, as long as may be needed, and if commenced in time, will cure nine times out of ten. The above has been a success in my hands and that of many neighbors.

We have seen it stated that fowls affected with gapes could be cured by forcing down the windpipe a little sweet oil through a small glass syringe. The oil kills the worm and relieves the bird at once. A trial of either of the above simple remedies cannot prove harmful to the fowl, if it does not effect a cure.

A Curious Case.

The citizens of Broadway, Warren County, N. J., and the residents of the neighboring townships have been greatly excited over a curious phenomenon. On Monday morning, the 19th ult., about 10 o'clock, as a canal boat from Phillipsburg was passing over the two mile level, between New Village and Broadway, the driver of the boat heard an unusual rumbling noise like that of a muffled thunder, and looking ahead he saw in the canal, about a hundred yards ahead, the water seething and boiling like a whirlpool. Though stricken with fear, he crossed in safety the dangerous eddy, but had not gone many yards when he was startled by an unusual noise, and turning, discovered that the bottom of the canal had given away, and in a short time his boat was on dry land. The water in the canal for a distance of a mile and a half had in a wonderfully short time disappeared in a cavity, of which the dimensions of the opening were 40 by 20 feet.

Careful investigations were made of the neighboring streams and the surrounding country, but no outlet for the water was discovered. Above the canal, in the wood, three apertures were made, averaging in diameter 20 by 25 feet. In these holes or cavities rocks and trees were swallowed up. The tops of the trees were visible to the eye, while the trunks were entirely buried in the earth. Fissures were made on the surface below the canal, to the extent of hundreds of yards.

Laborers have been constantly engaged in filling up the hole in the canal, but as yet have made no apparent progress. One hundred bundles of corn stalks, together with branches of trees, were thrown into the cavity and immediately disappeared from sight.

The level where this occurred is about a mile and a half long and in fifteen minutes after the first noise was heard that entire section was dry and forty boats were left sticking in the mud. The cause of this phenomenon is a mystery which only an Agassiz can attempt to explain.

A GENTLEMAN, witty and agreeable, but with a singular impediment of speech, had it in his heart to become the possessor of a pure black and-tan terrier, for which he was willing to pay a liberal price. A superior little brute was soon brought to him by a dog-fancier, who demanded for it the modest price of fifty dollars. Not being disposed to check for that figure unless sure that the dog was a good ratter, he proposed to the party to meet him next day at a pit where dogs and rats were brought for sanguinary contest, and try him with a rat. Next day our friend, having obtained a first class rat of the "wharf" species, had him conveyed to the theatre of strife. Both were at the same time thrown into the arena. After having been pursued for a moment the rat turned, made a spring at the terrier, caught him on the lip, and made him howl with pain. In short, he had him. Our purchaser turned and said, "I d-d-don't think your d-d-dog's g-good for anything. I d-d-don't you want to b-buy my r-rat?"

BUSINESS-LIKE HENS.—Old Starks, an honest German had a farm about three miles from the village of Naples, on the Illinois river, and, like most of his countrymen who settle in this country, was great on garden truck, butter, eggs, etc., which he carried regularly to the town to sell or barter for family supplies. One day he came in as usual, and Peter Critser, the storekeeper, thinking to get a "saw" on the old man, said: "Well, Starks, got some more eggs?"

"Yab, I have a few." "I paid you a bit for the last," said Critser, "but we have had a convention of the storekeepers, and they have resolved to give only ten cents in future." "Y-a-h. Vell mine hens they have a meetin' rep'ted Starks, 'an' dey resolves wot dey won't wear 'emselves out layin' eggs for less as fourteen shents!" And the old man stalked off, leaving Peter to stand the laugh of the crowd.

"So you're going to Alaska, are you, young man?" said an old fox hunter to a Philadelphia youth, adding: "You must be careful how you kill the wild of a native of that country, for so soon as you know to be let off from such an excellent for less than two weeks blankets to the recovered husband and fire to the governor."